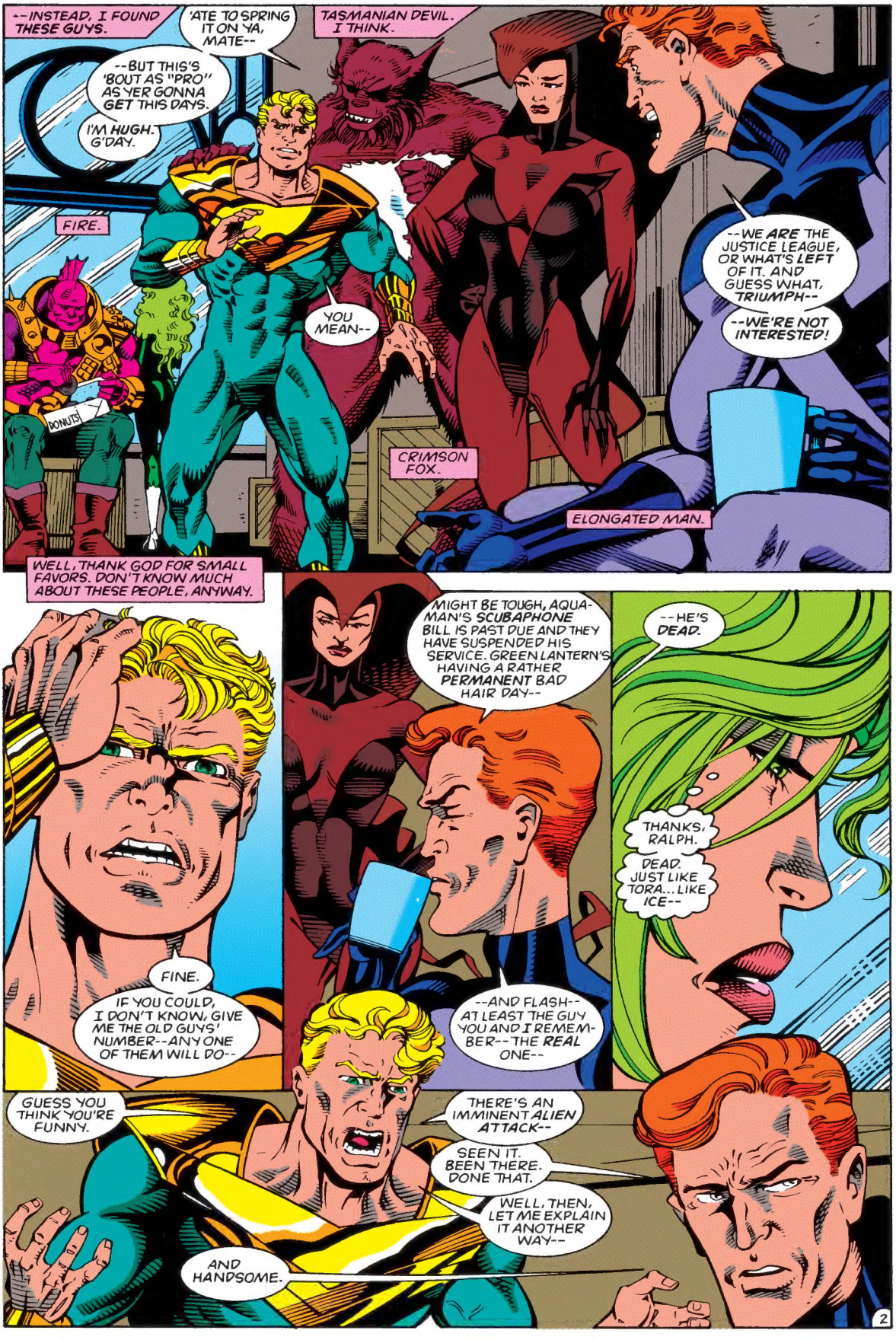
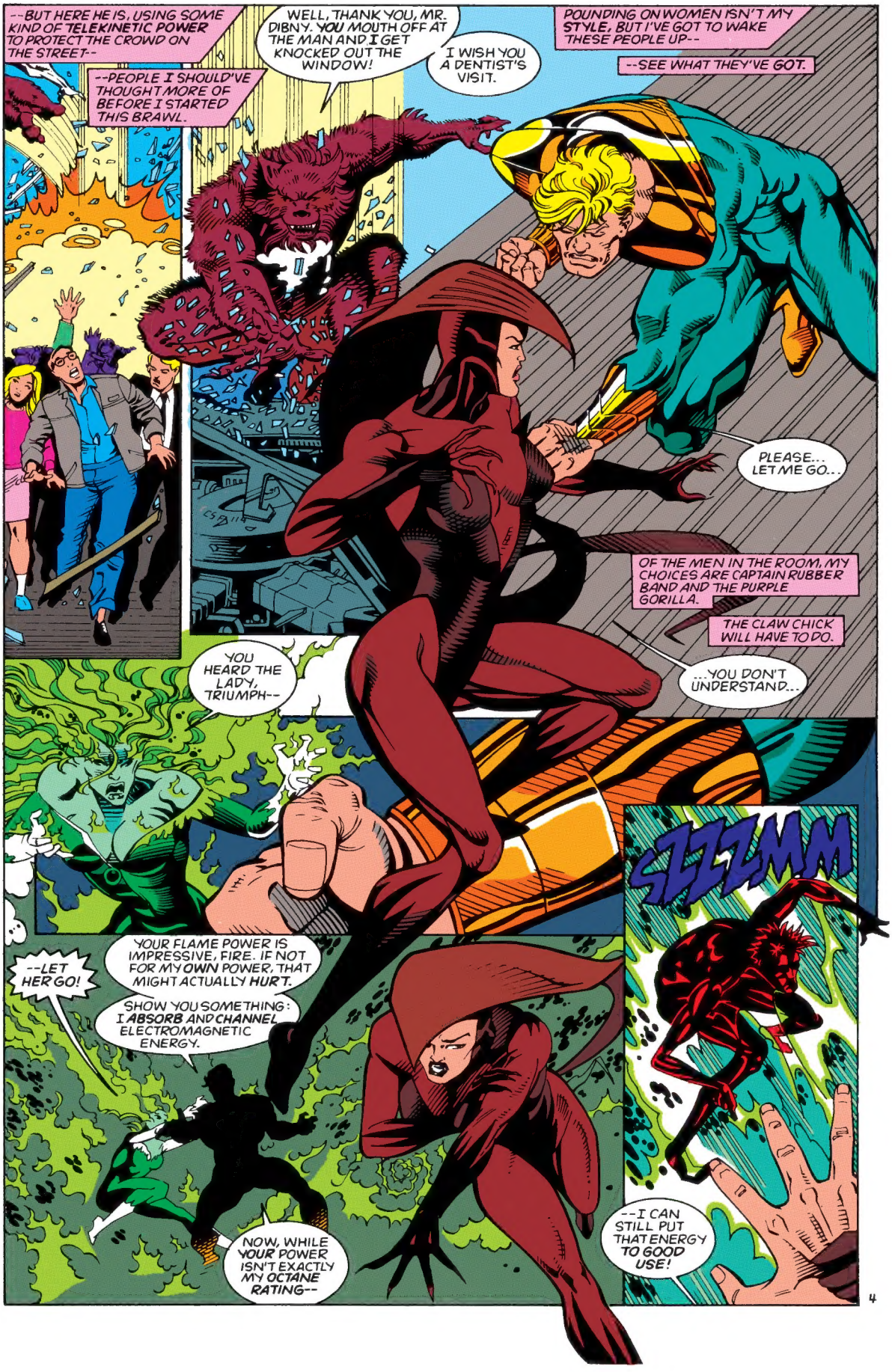
ZERO HOUR
DC UNIVERSE
JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE
JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE
16
SEPT 94
BY PRIEST, LAROCQUE & RANKIN
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
RETURN OF THE HERO!
2 of 3

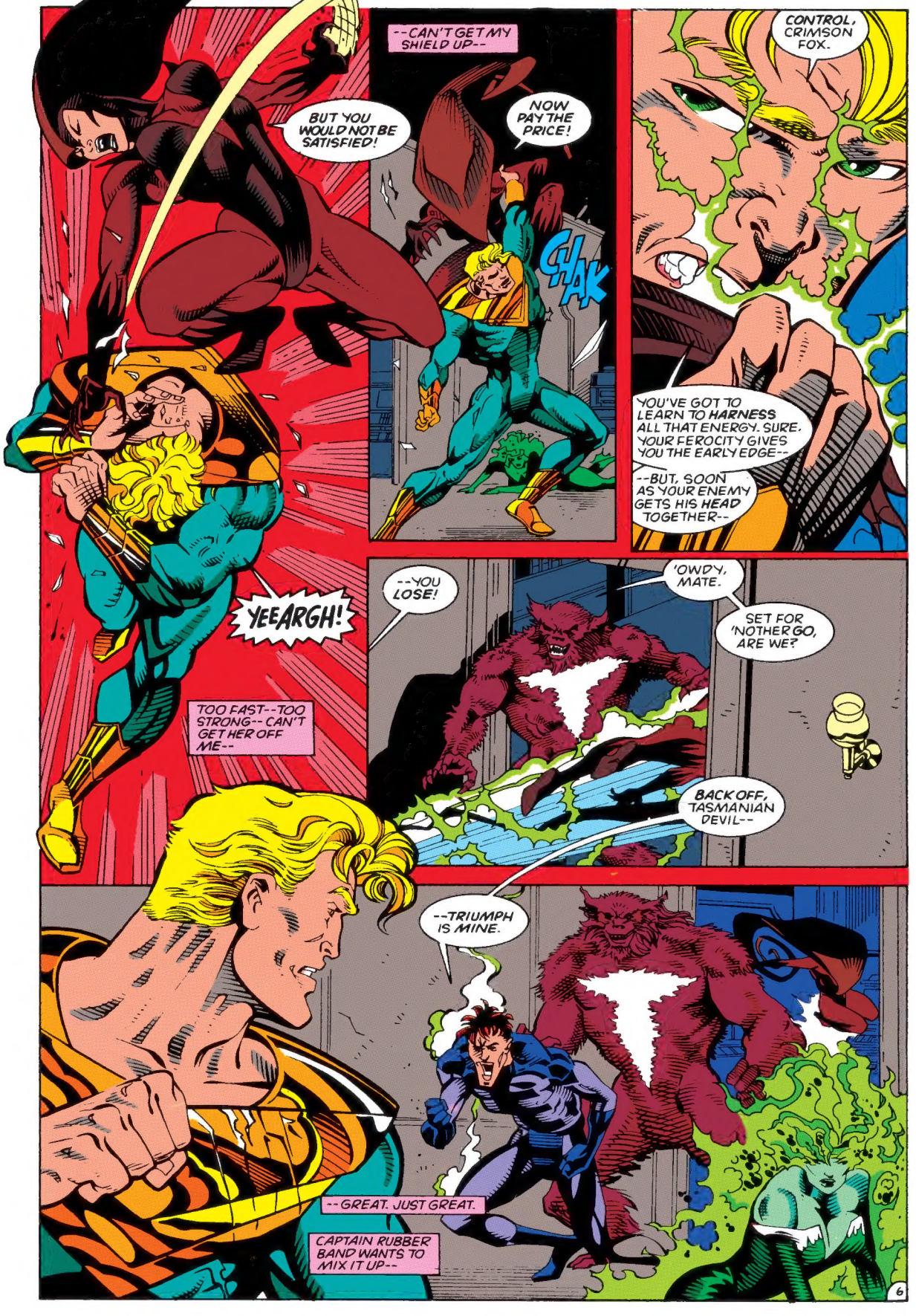
LOSERS!
I FLEW TO NEW YORK LOOKING FOR AN EMBASSY. I FOUND A CRATER, THEN A DUSTY LOFT IN THE EAST VILLAGE--
--AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY. I GUESS YOU COULD SAY IT WAS THE JUSTICE LEAGUE'S UNOFFICIAL FIRST MISSION.*
TIME'S WASTING, PEOPLE. I NEED YOU TO TELL ME WHERE THE LEAGUE IS.
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY AND I NEED TO BRING THE PROS IN.
I CAME LOOKING FOR HEROES--
*SEE J.L.A #92 FOR COMPLETE DETAILS. --BRIAN
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST WRITER
GREG LAROCQUE PENCILLER
RICH RANKIN INKER
BOB PINAHA LETTERER
DAVE GRAFE COLORIST
RUBEN DIAZ~ ASSISTANT EDITOR
BRIAN AUGUSTYN~ EDITOR

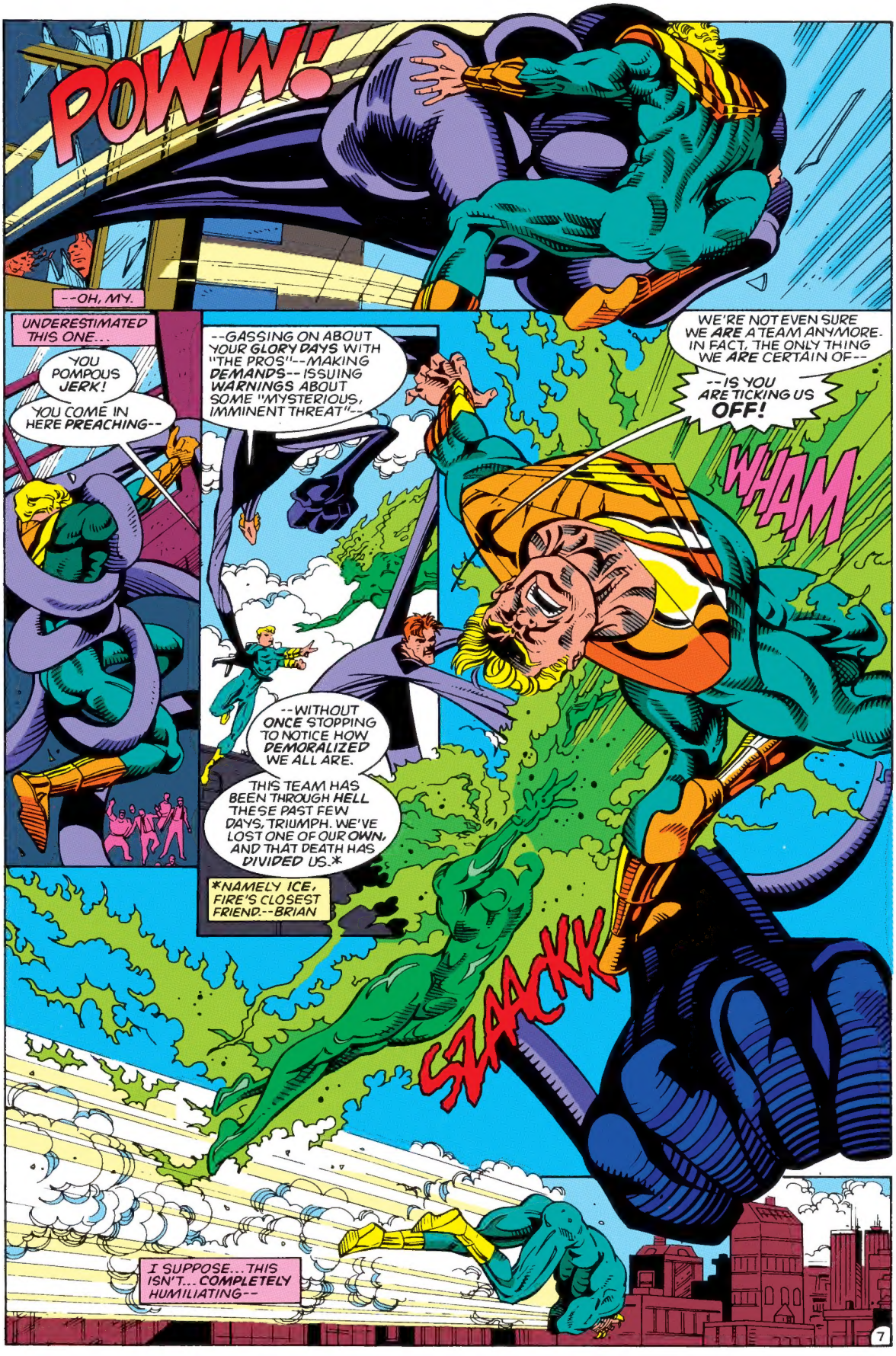

--INSTEAD, I FOUND THESE GUYS.
'ATE TO SPRING IT ON YA, MATE--
TASMANIAN DEVIL. I THINK.
--BUT THIS'S 'BOUT AS "PRO" AS YER GONNA GET THIS DAYS.
I'M HUGH. G'DAY.
FIRE.
DONUTS
YOU MEAN--
CRIMSON FOX.
--WE ARE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. AND GUESS WHAT, TRIUMPH--
--WE'RE NOT INTERESTED!
ELONGATED MAN.
WELL, THANK GOD FOR SMALL FAVORS. DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THESE PEOPLE, ANYWAY.
MIGHT BE TOUGH, AQUAMAN'S SCUBAPHONE BILL IS PAST DUE AND THEY HAVE SUSPENDED HIS SERVICE. GREEN LANTERN'S HAVING A RATHER PERMANENT BAD HAIR DAY--
--HE'S DEAD.
THANKS, RALPH.
DEAD. JUST LIKE TORA... LIKE ICE--
FINE.
IF YOU COULD, I DON'T KNOW, GIVE ME THE OLD GUYS' NUMBER--ANY ONE OF THEM WILL DO--
--AND FLASH--AT LEAST THE GUY YOU AND I REMEMBER--THE REAL ONE--
GUESS YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY.
THERE'S AN IMMINENT ALIEN ATTACK--
SEEN IT. BEEN THERE. DONE THAT.
WELL, THEN, LET ME EXPLAIN IT ANOTHER WAY--
AND HANDSOME.

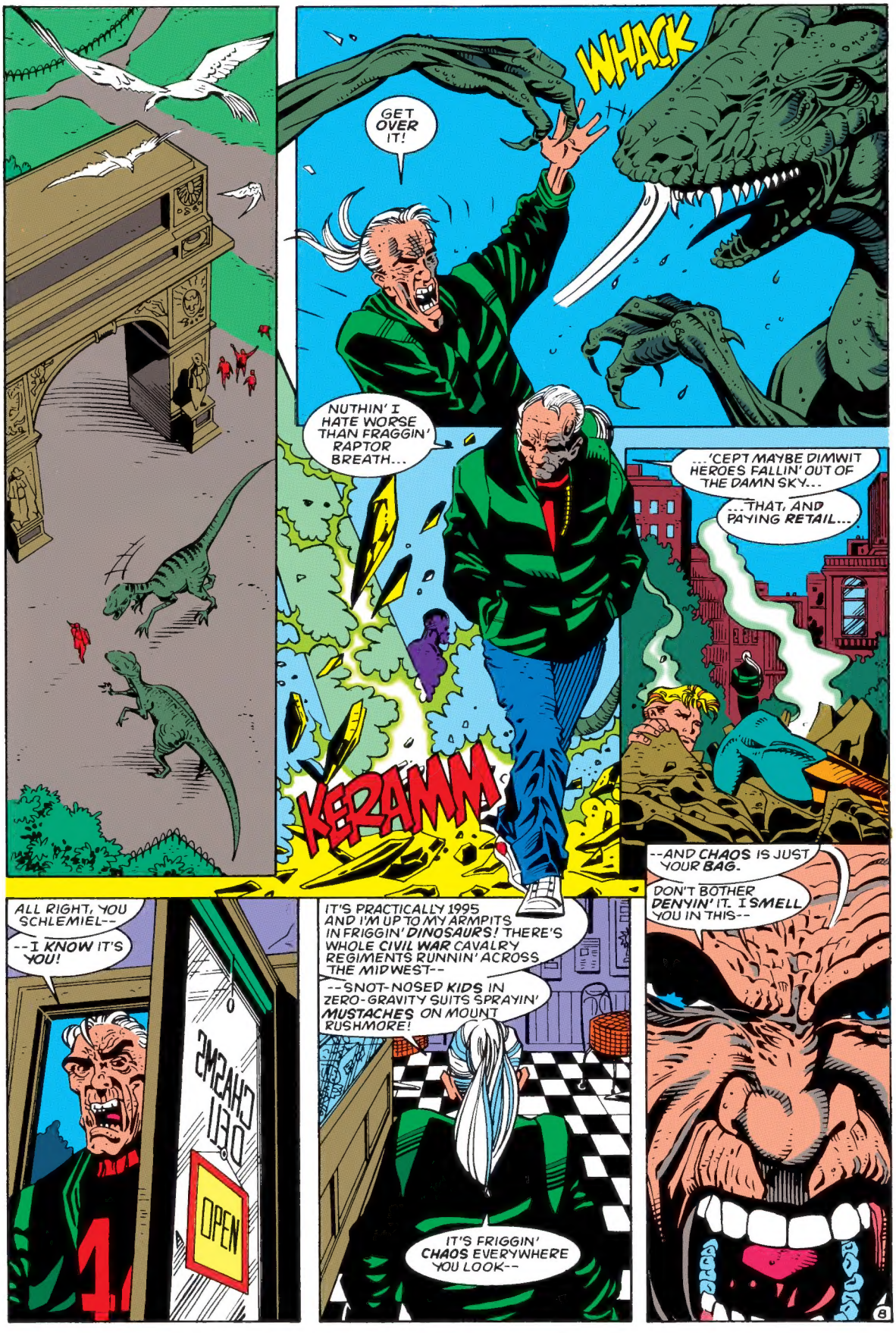
KEEERAASSH!
INTERESTED YET?
WHAT--? ARE YOU NUTS?!
L-RON!
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, ELONGATED MAN.
L-RON? BUT THAT LOOKS LIKE DESPERO, SWORN ENEMY TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE--

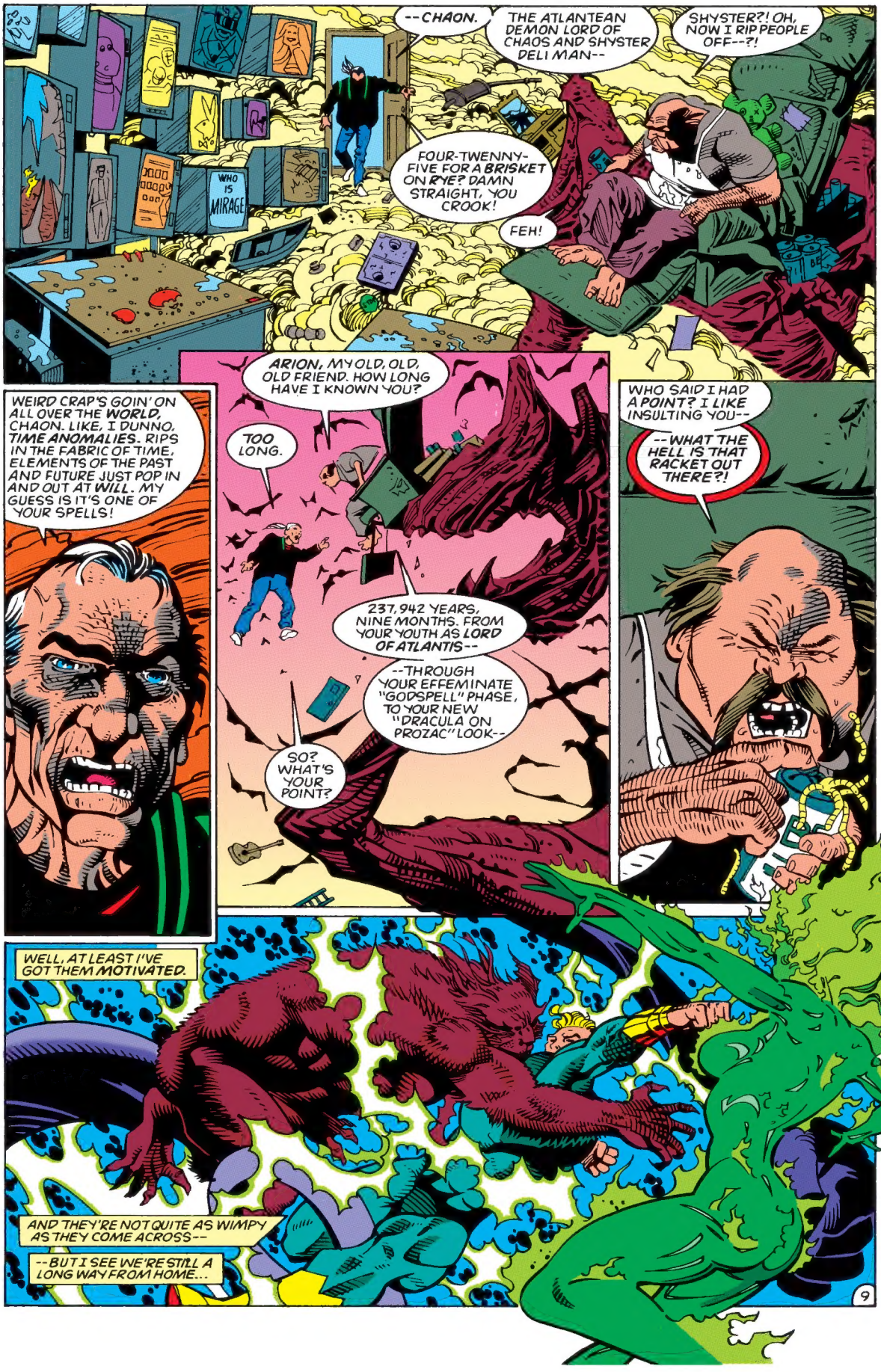

--BUT HERE HE IS, USING SOME KIND OF TELEKINETIC POWER TO PROTECT THE CROWD ON THE STREET--
--PEOPLE I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT MORE OF BEFORE I STARTED THIS BRAWL.
WELL, THANK YOU, MR. DIBNY. YOU MOUTH OFF AT THE MAN AND I GET KNOCKED OUT THE WINDOW!
I WISH YOU A DENTIST'S VISIT.
POUNDING ON WOMEN ISN'T MY STYLE, BUT I'VE GOT TO WAKE THESE PEOPLE UP--
--SEE WHAT THEY'VE GOT.
PLEASE... LET ME GO...
OF THE MEN IN THE ROOM, MY CHOICES ARE CAPTAIN RUBBER BAND AND THE PURPLE GORILLA.
THE CLAW CHICK WILL HAVE TO DO.
...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YOU HEARD THE LADY, TRIUMPH--
SZZZMM
YOUR FLAME POWER IS IMPRESSIVE, FIRE. IF NOT FOR MY OWN POWER, THAT MIGHT ACTUALLY HURT.
--LET HER GO!
SHOW YOU SOMETHING: I ABSORB AND CHANNEL ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGY.
NOW, WHILE YOUR POWER ISN'T EXACTLY MY OCTANE RATING--
--I CAN STILL PUT THAT ENERGY TO GOOD USE!

NOW, IF YOU LADIES WILL EXCUSE ME--
WHUMP
--WHO'S NEXT?
COME ON, NOW, "HEROES"...
...SURELY YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT?
SO, WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
I'M NO HISTORIAN, DESPERO, BUT DIDN'T YOU TRY TO KILL THESE PEOPLE A TIME OR TWO?
ARE YOU THEIR PRISONER--?
DONUTS
IT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY.
TRIUMPH!
I WARNED YOU--!
CAN YOU SPEAK--?
OF COURSE.
THEN WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?
I CHOOSE NOT TO.
AND WHY DON'T YOU DEFEND YOUR FRIENDS--?
DONUTS
I PLEADED WITH YOU--!
5


BUT YOU WOULD NOT BE SATISFIED!
--CAN'T GET MY SHIELD UP--
NOW PAY THE PRICE!
CHAK
CONTROL, CRIMSON FOX.
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO HARNESS ALL THAT ENERGY. SURE, YOUR FEROCITY GIVES YOU THE EARLY EDGE--
--BUT, SOON AS YOUR ENEMY GETS HIS HEAD TOGETHER--
YEEARGH!
TOO FAST--TOO STRONG-- CAN'T GET HER OFF ME--
--YOU LOSE!
'OWDY, MATE.
SET FOR 'NOTHER GO, ARE WE?
BACK OFF, TASMANIAN DEVIL--
--TRIUMPH IS MINE.
--GREAT. JUST GREAT.
CAPTAIN RUBBER BAND WANTS TO MIX IT UP--


POWW!
--OH, MY.
UNDERESTIMATED THIS ONE...
YOU POMPOUS JERK!
YOU COME IN HERE PREACHING--
--GASSING ON ABOUT YOUR GLORY DAYS WITH "THE PROS"--MAKING DEMANDS--ISSUING WARNINGS ABOUT SOME "MYSTERIOUS, IMMINENT THREAT"--
WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE WE ARE A TEAM ANYMORE. IN FACT, THE ONLY THING WE ARE CERTAIN OF--
--IS YOU ARE TICKING US OFF!
WHAM
--WITHOUT ONCE STOPPING TO NOTICE HOW DEMORALIZED WE ALL ARE.
THIS TEAM HAS BEEN THROUGH HELL THESE PAST FEW DAYS, TRIUMPH. WE'VE LOST ONE OF OUR OWN, AND THAT DEATH HAS DIVIDED US.*
*NAMELY ICE, FIRE'S CLOSEST FRIEND--BRIAN
SZAACKK
I SUPPOSE... THIS ISN'T... COMPLETELY HUMILIATING--

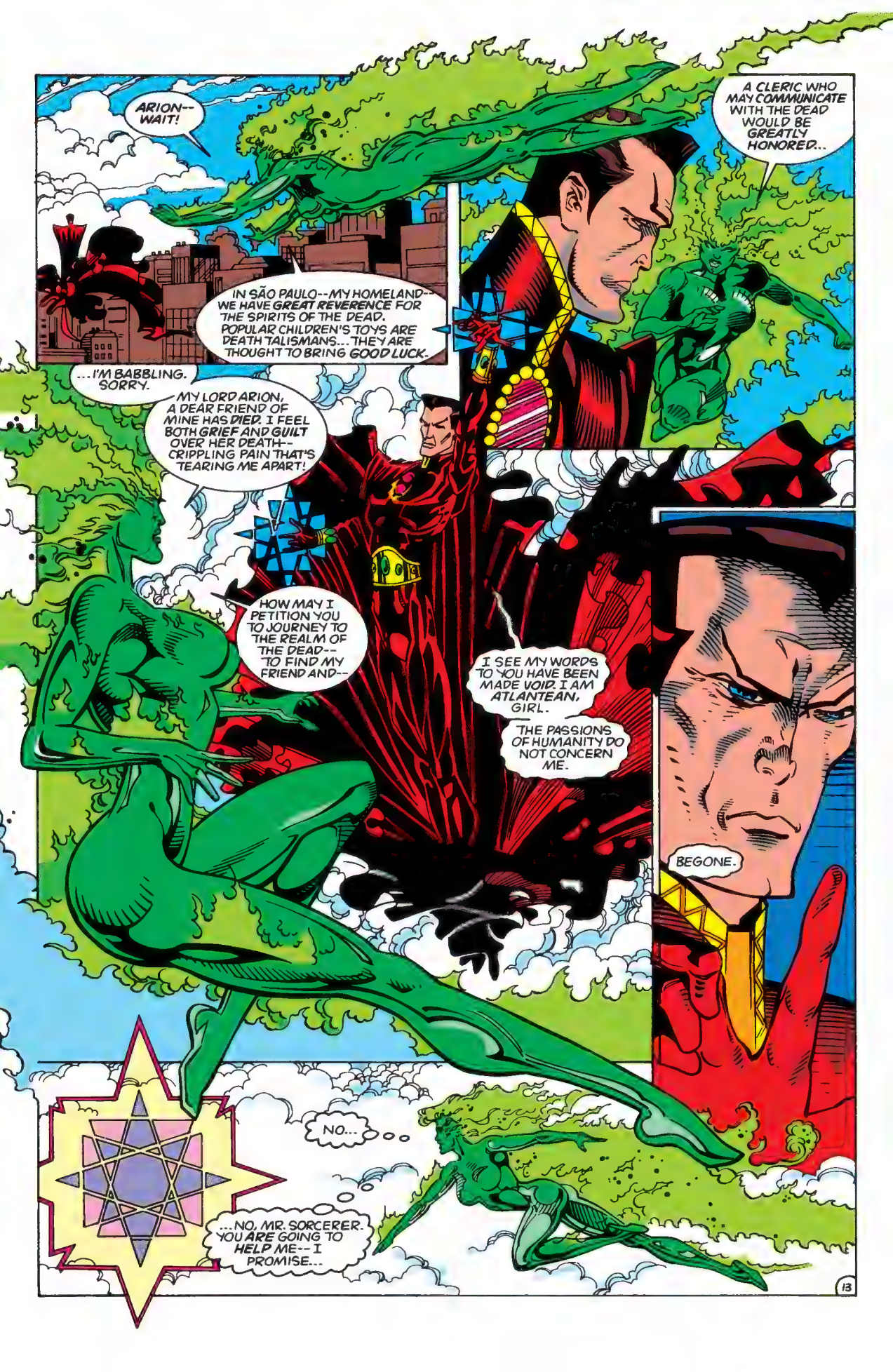

WHACK
GET OVER IT!
NUTHIN' I HATE WORSE THAN FRAGGIN' RAPTOR BREATH...
KERAMM
...'CEPT MAYBE DIMWIT HEROES FALLIN' OUT OF THE DAMN SKY...
...THAT, AND PAYING RETAIL...
--AND CHAOS IS JUST YOUR BAG.
DON'T BOTHER DENYIN' IT. I SMELL YOU IN THIS--
ALL RIGHT, YOU SCHLEMIEL--
--I KNOW IT'S YOU!
OPEN
IT'S PRACTICALLY 1995 AND I'M UP TO MY ARMPITS IN FRIGGIN' DINOSAURS! THERE'S WHOLE CIVIL WAR CAVALRY REGIMENTS RUNNIN' ACROSS THE MIDWEST--
--SNOT-NOSED KIDS IN ZERO-GRAVITY SUITS SPRAYIN' MUSTACHES ON MOUNT RUSHMORE!
IT'S FRIGGIN' CHAOS EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK--
8

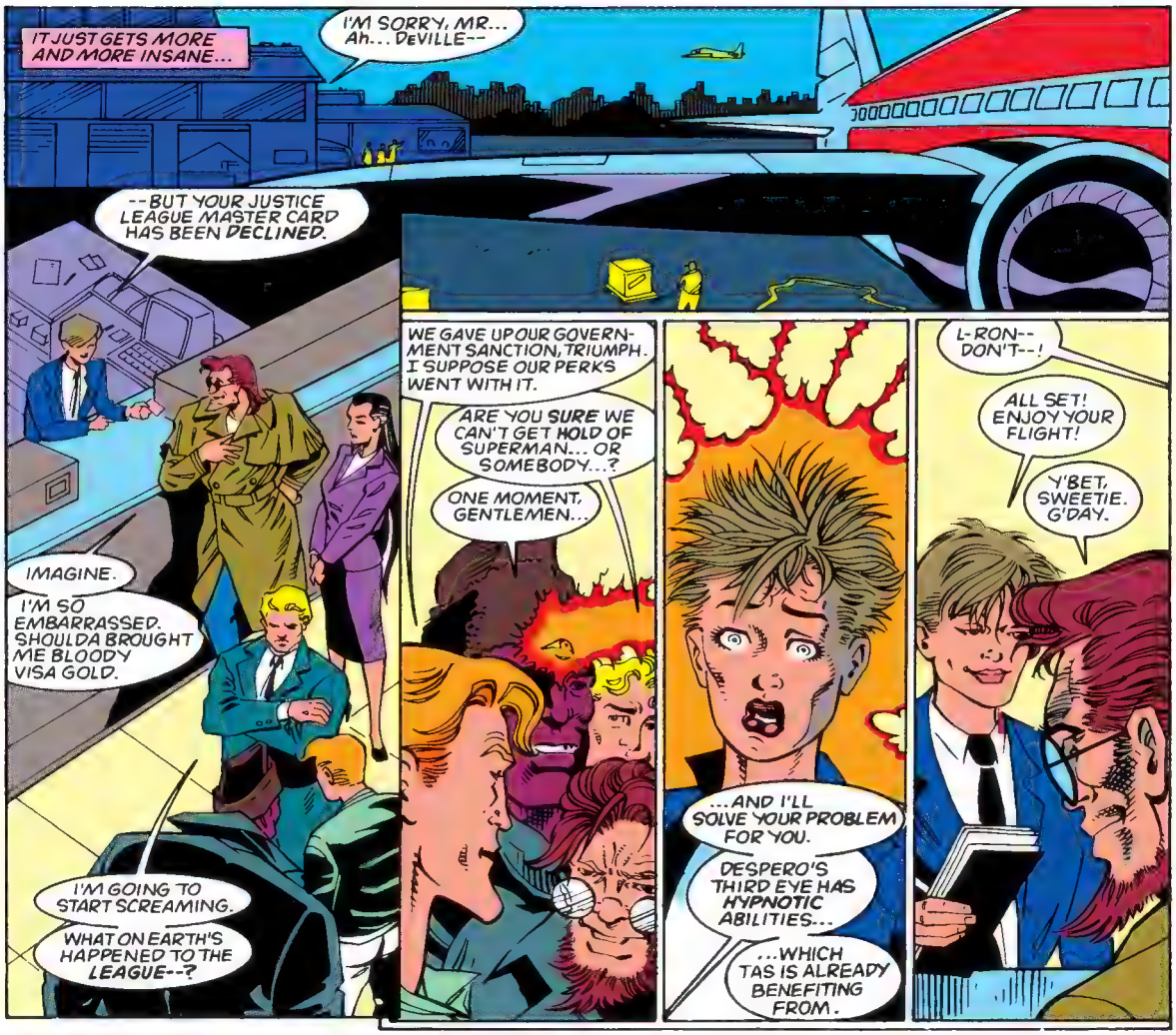

--CHAON.
THE ATLANTEAN DEMON LORD OF CHAOS AND SHYSTER DELI MAN--
SHYSTER?! OH, NOW I RIP PEOPLE OFF--?!
WHO IS MIRAGE
FOUR-TWENNY-FIVE FOR A BRISKET ON RYE? DAMN STRAIGHT, YOU CROOK!
FEH!
WEIRD CRAP'S GOIN' ON ALL OVER THE WORLD, CHAON. LIKE, I DUNNO, TIME ANOMALIES. RIPS IN THE FABRIC OF TIME, ELEMENTS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE JUST POP IN AND OUT AT WILL. MY GUESS IS IT'S ONE OF YOUR SPELLS!
ARION, MY OLD, OLD, OLD FRIEND. HOW LONG HAVE I KNOWN YOU?
TOO LONG.
237,942 YEARS, NINE MONTHS. FROM YOUR YOUTH AS LORD OF ATLANTIS--
--THROUGH YOUR EFFEMINATE "GODSPELL" PHASE, TO YOUR NEW "DRACULA ON PROZAC" LOOK--
SO? WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
WHO SAID I HAD A POINT? I LIKE INSULTING YOU--
--WHAT THE HELL IS THAT RACKET OUT THERE?!
WELL, AT LEAST I'VE GOT THEM MOTIVATED.
AND THEY'RE NOT QUITE AS WIMPY AS THEY COME ACROSS--
--BUT I SEE WE'RE STILL A LONG WAY FROM HOME...

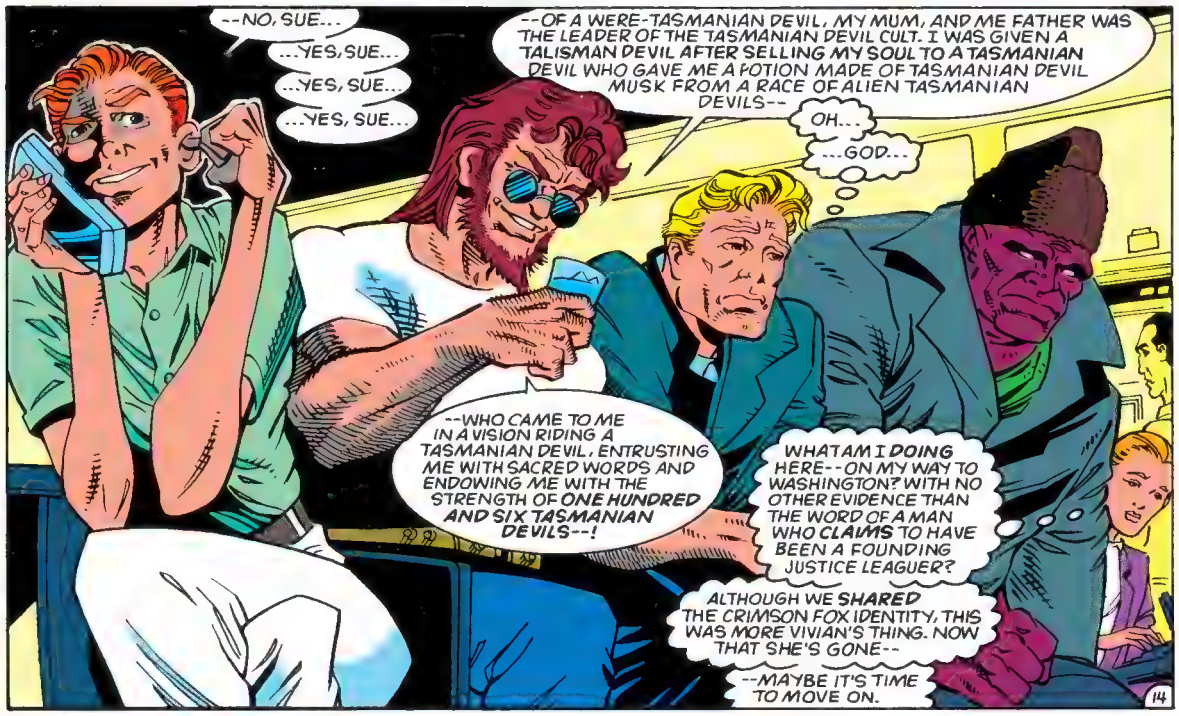
THIS AIN'T THE END OF IT, CHAON.
I'LL GO SPANK THE CHILDREN, YOU MAKE ME A NICE CORNED BEEF--
--AND, WHEN I GET BACK, YOU BETTER FESS UP TO ALL THIS "TIME SHIFT" CRAP.
ALL RIGHT, KIDDIES--
--IT'S NAP TIME!
THEY MAY BE A LITTLE OVERMOTIVATED NOW--
--GOT TO FIND A WAY TO WIND THIS UP--
--WELL...THIS... WILL DO...
HOW DARE YOU--?!
BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU FIGHT AMONG YOURSELVES WHEN YOU ARE SO SORELY NEEDED?
ER... AND YOU ARE--?

I AM... ARION THE IMMORTAL!
LORD OF ATLANTIS, SORCERER SUPREME, INTERCESSOR OF DARK-WORLD. FROM THE DAWN OF TIME HAVE I TREAD THIS EARTHLY COIL, STANDING BEFORE THE RAGING EVIL OF GARN DAANUTH, CHAON, AND THE LORDS OF THE SEVEN HELLS!
ALTHOUGH I AM LOATH TO INTERFERE IN MORTAL AFFAIRS, I COULD NO LONGER STAY MY HAND.
A... SORCERER...
THERE ARE NOW ONGOING MOMENTARY CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIME STREAM, RESULTING IN RANDOM ELEMENTS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.
THESE CORRUPTIONS WILL INCREASE IN FREQUENCY AND SCOPE, UNTIL REALITY AS YOU KNOW IT ERODES TO CHAOS.
WELL, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY POWERFUL. WHY NOT JOIN US? HELP US--
NO WISER FOR YOUR ORDEAL, EH, TRIUMPH?
I AM ATLANTEAN. I AM OF THE FIRST RACE! THE AFFAIRS OF HUMANKIND ARE TO ME OF MARGINAL CONCERN.

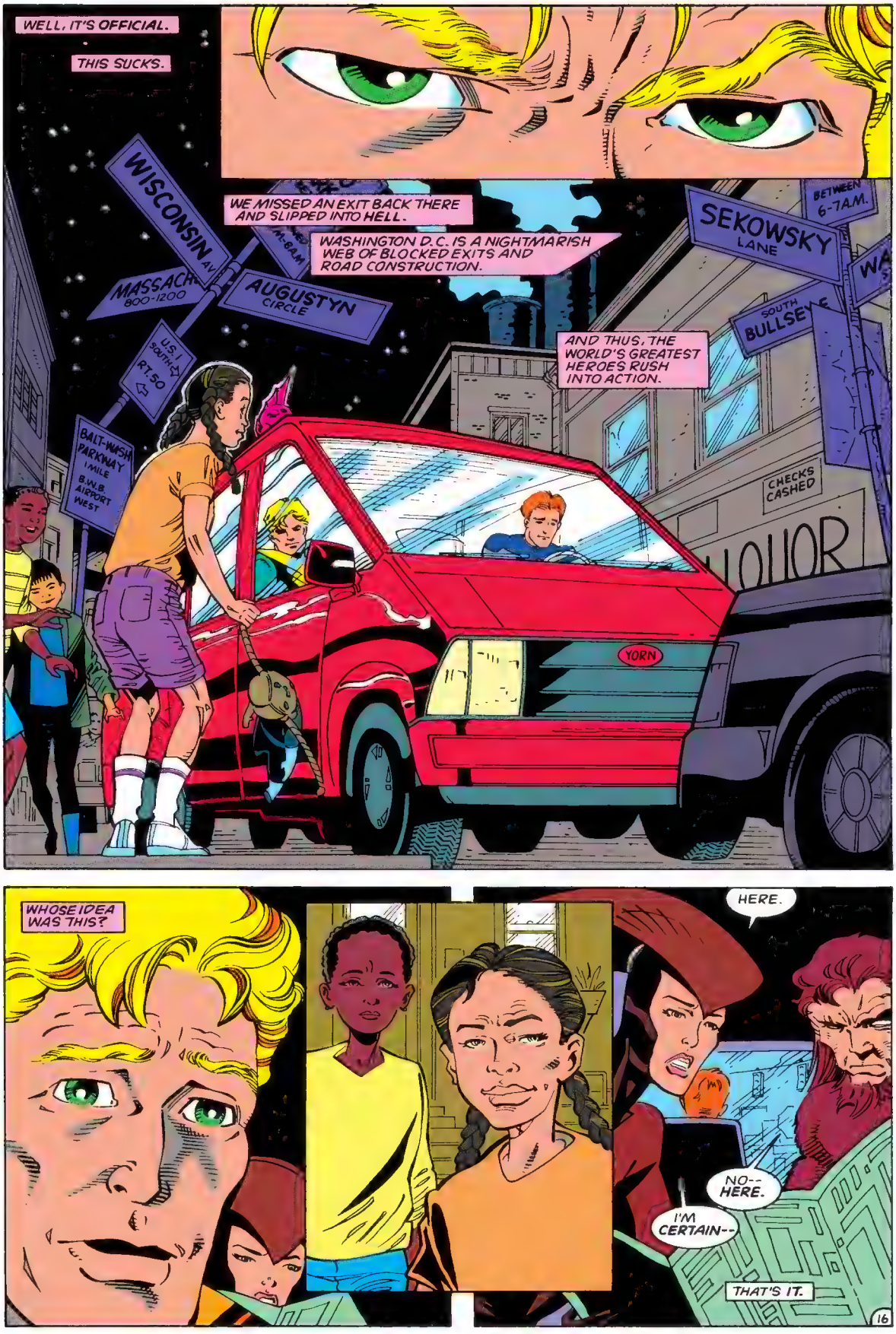
LET HUMANITY SAVE ITSELF.
CONSIDER THIS WARNING A COURTESY.
...A... SORCERER...
GET OFF ME!
WELL, PEOPLE, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK WITH EACH OTHER AND RUNNING OUT OF TIME. I'M CERTAIN ONE OF THOSE "TIME ANOMALIES" SPAT ME OUT OF LIMBO AND BACK INTO THE TIME STREAM--
--WHICH MEANS THE BAD GUYS I WAS BATTLING ARE PROBABLY OUT ALSO--
BUT WHO DO WE FIGHT FIRST--WHOEVER CAUSED THESE "ANOMALIES," OR YOUR MYSTERIOUS, HAVEN'T-SEEN-'EM-YET ALIENS--?
--WE START WITH WHAT WE KNOW, PEOPLE. I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE ALIENS. THEN WE MOVE ON TO--
...START WITH WHAT WE KNOW? IS THAT WHAT YOU SAID?
WELL, TRIUMPH, I "KNOW" MY BEST FRIEND--ICE--IS DEAD.
SINCE I'M UNCONVINCED THERE REALLY ARE ANY "ALIENS," AND SINCE I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY ACTUAL "TIME ANOMALIES"--
--I'M GOING TO START THERE.
FIRE WAS THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE GROUP, AND THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD FLY. THINGS WERE GOING PERFECTLY.
LOOK, PEOPLE, IF YOU TRUST ME--JUST A LITTLE--
--YOU CAN PREVENT A TERRIBLE DISASTER. ALL I NEED IS A FEW HOURS' BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.
I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW FEET OF ROPE, TRIUMPH. THAT'S IT!
THAT'S ALL I'LL NEED. ALL RIGHT, WE START IN WASHINGTON.
FINE. HOW DO WE GET THERE?
GET THERE--? DON'T YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF TRANSPORTER...A QUADRAJET...A--?
TAXI!
WHAT A NIGHTMARE!


ARION--WAIT!
IN SÃO PAULO--MY HOMELAND--WE HAVE GREAT REVERENCE FOR THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD. POPULAR CHILDREN'S TOYS ARE DEATH TALISMANS... THEY ARE THOUGHT TO BRING GOOD LUCK.
...I'M BABBLING. SORRY.
MY LORD ARION, A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE HAS DIED. I FEEL BOTH GRIEF AND GUILT OVER HER DEATH--CRIPPLING PAIN THAT'S TEARING ME APART!
HOW MAY I PETITION YOU TO JOURNEY TO THE REALM OF THE DEAD--TO FIND MY FRIEND AND--
A CLERIC WHO MAY COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD WOULD BE GREATLY HONORED...
I SEE MY WORDS TO YOU HAVE BEEN MADE VOID. I AM ATLANTEAN, GIRL.
THE PASSIONS OF HUMANITY DO NOT CONCERN ME.
BEGONE.
NO...
...NO, MR. SORCERER. YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME--I PROMISE...


IT JUST GETS MORE AND MORE INSANE...
I'M SORRY, MR... Ah... DEVILLE--
--BUT YOUR JUSTICE LEAGUE MASTER CARD HAS BEEN DECLINED.
IMAGINE.
I'M SO EMBARRASSED. SHOULDA BROUGHT ME BLOODY VISA GOLD.
I'M GOING TO START SCREAMING.
WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENED TO THE LEAGUE--?
WE GAVE UP OUR GOVERNMENT SANCTION, TRIUMPH. I SUPPOSE OUR PERKS WENT WITH IT.
ARE YOU SURE WE CAN'T GET HOLD OF SUPERMAN... OR SOMEBODY...?
ONE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN...
...AND I'LL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM FOR YOU.
DESPERO'S THIRD EYE HAS HYPNOTIC ABILITIES...
...WHICH TAS IS ALREADY BENEFITING FROM.
L-RON-- DON'T--!
ALL SET! ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT!
Y'BET, SWEETIE. G'DAY.

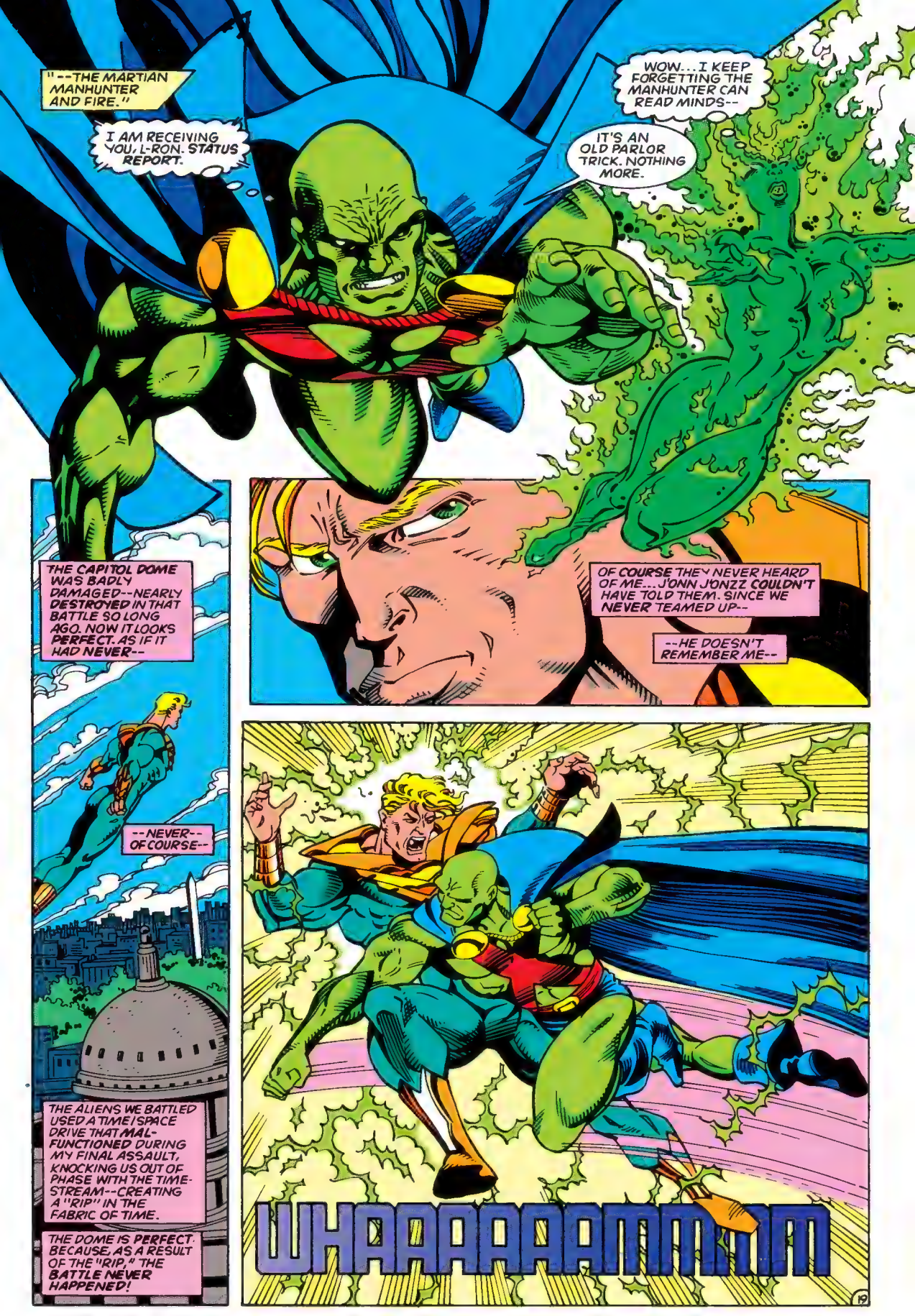

--NO, SUE...
...YES, SUE...
...YES, SUE...
...YES, SUE...
--OF A WERE-TASMANIAN DEVIL, MY MUM, AND ME FATHER WAS THE LEADER OF THE TASMANIAN DEVIL CULT. I WAS GIVEN A TALISMAN DEVIL AFTER SELLING MY SOUL TO A TASMANIAN DEVIL WHO GAVE ME A POTION MADE OF TASMANIAN DEVIL MUSK FROM A RACE OF ALIEN TASMANIAN DEVILS--
OH...
...GOD...
--WHO CAME TO ME IN A VISION RIDING A TASMANIAN DEVIL, ENTRUSTING ME WITH SACRED WORDS AND ENDOWING ME WITH THE STRENGTH OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIX TASMANIAN DEVILS--!
WHAT AM I DOING HERE--ON MY WAY TO WASHINGTON? WITH NO OTHER EVIDENCE THAN THE WORD OF A MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN A FOUNDING JUSTICE LEAGUER?
ALTHOUGH WE SHARED THE CRIMSON FOX IDENTITY, THIS WAS MORE VIVIAN'S THING. NOW THAT SHE'S GONE--
--MAYBE IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON.

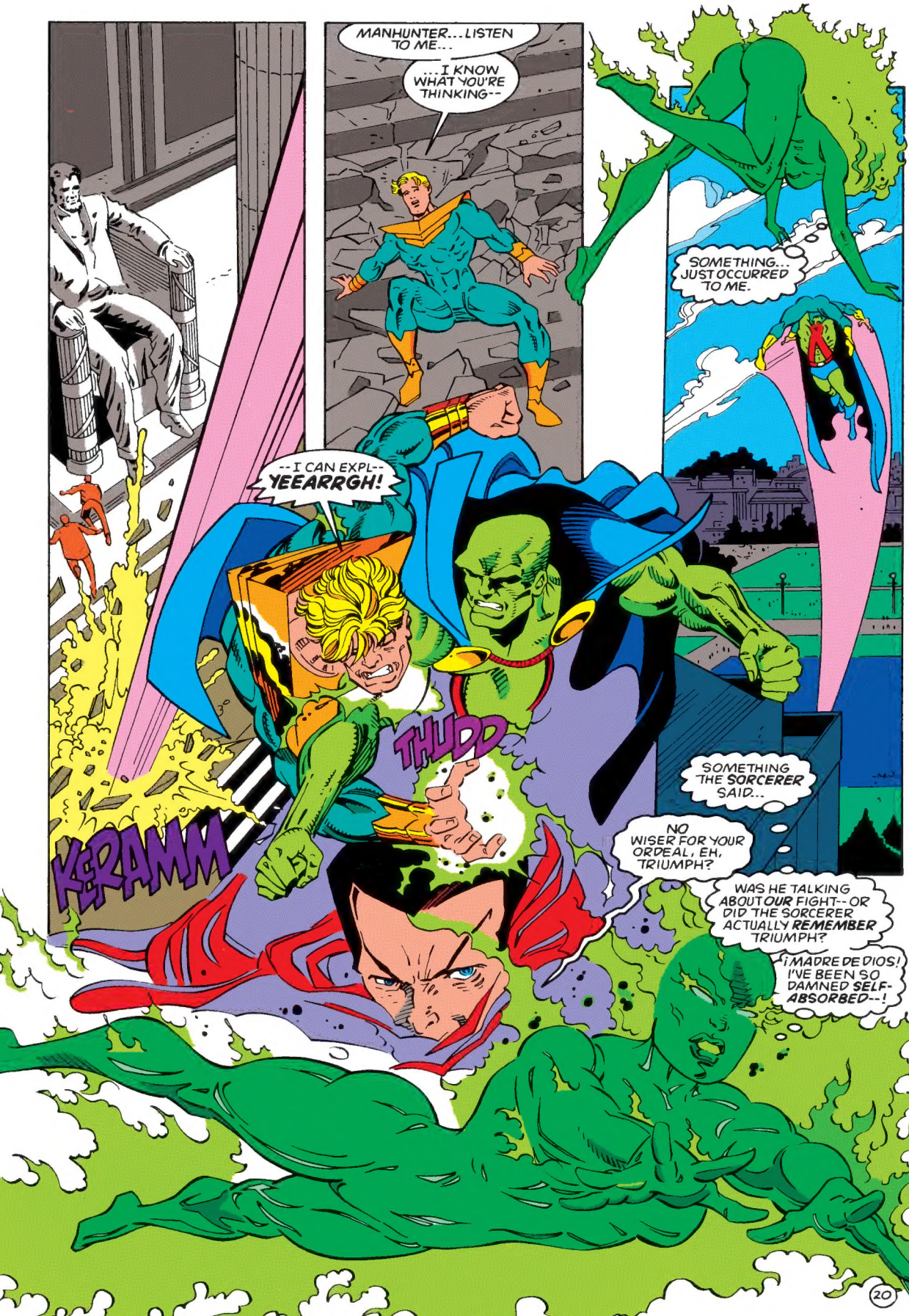
I'VE BEEN ON THIS PLANET TOO LONG. I'M STARTING TO THINK LIKE A TERRAN.
THERE WAS ACTUALLY A MOMENT WHEN BEATING THE GOLDEN AGE RAY WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO ME TO RAZE FIVE SQUARE BLOCKS.
THE MAN IS SUPREMELY ARROGANT. MORE LIKE GUY GARDNER'S FATHER THAN RAY'S.*
*THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER DUKES IT OUT WITH THE RAY'S DAD IN THE RAY #0, ON SALE NEXT MONTH.--"ALWAYS PLUGGING SOMETHING" BRIAN
NOW--WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE--?
FIRE--WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
TORA...
FIRE, YOU MUST ANSWER ME!
...WASHINGTON... THEY WENT WITH THAT GUY...THAT FRIEND OF YOURS--TRIUMPH!
LOOK--IT'S THE MARTIAN MAN-HUNTER!
YAAAY!
I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE NAMED "TRIUMPH"!

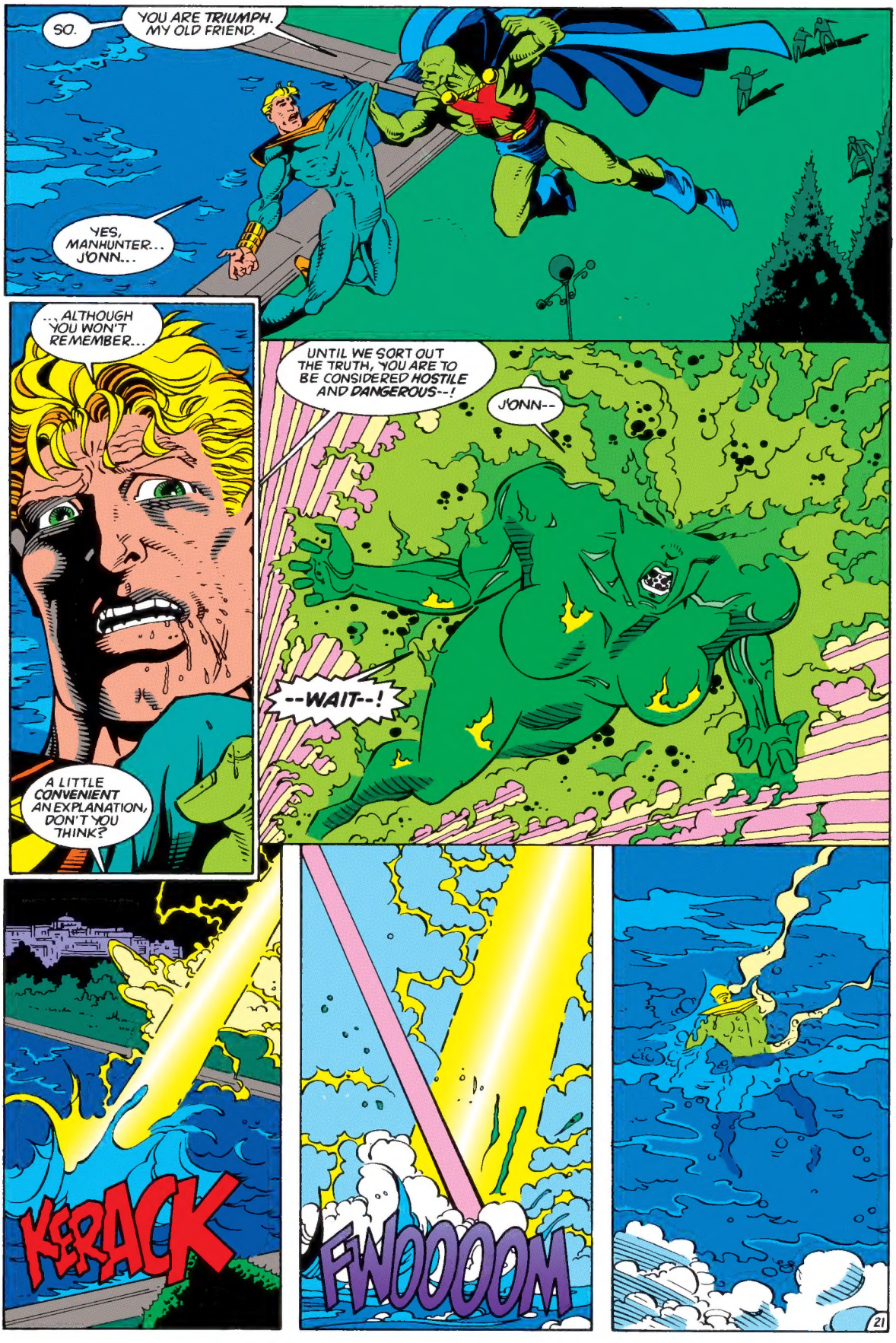

WELL, IT'S OFFICIAL.
THIS SUCKS.
WISCONSIN AV
MASSACH
800-1200
AUGUSTYN
CIRCLE
WE MISSED AN EXIT BACK THERE AND SLIPPED INTO HELL.
WASHINGTON D.C. IS A NIGHTMARISH WEB OF BLOCKED EXITS AND ROAD CONSTRUCTION.
SEKOWSKY
LANE
BETWEEN
6-7A.M.
SOUTH
BULLSE
AND THUS, THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES RUSH INTO ACTION.
U.S. 1
SOUTH
RT. 50
BALT-WASH
PARKWAY
1 MILE
B.W.I.
AIRPORT
WEST
CHECKS
CASHED
YORN
WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS?
HERE.
NO--
HERE.
I'M
CERTAIN--
THAT'S IT.
16

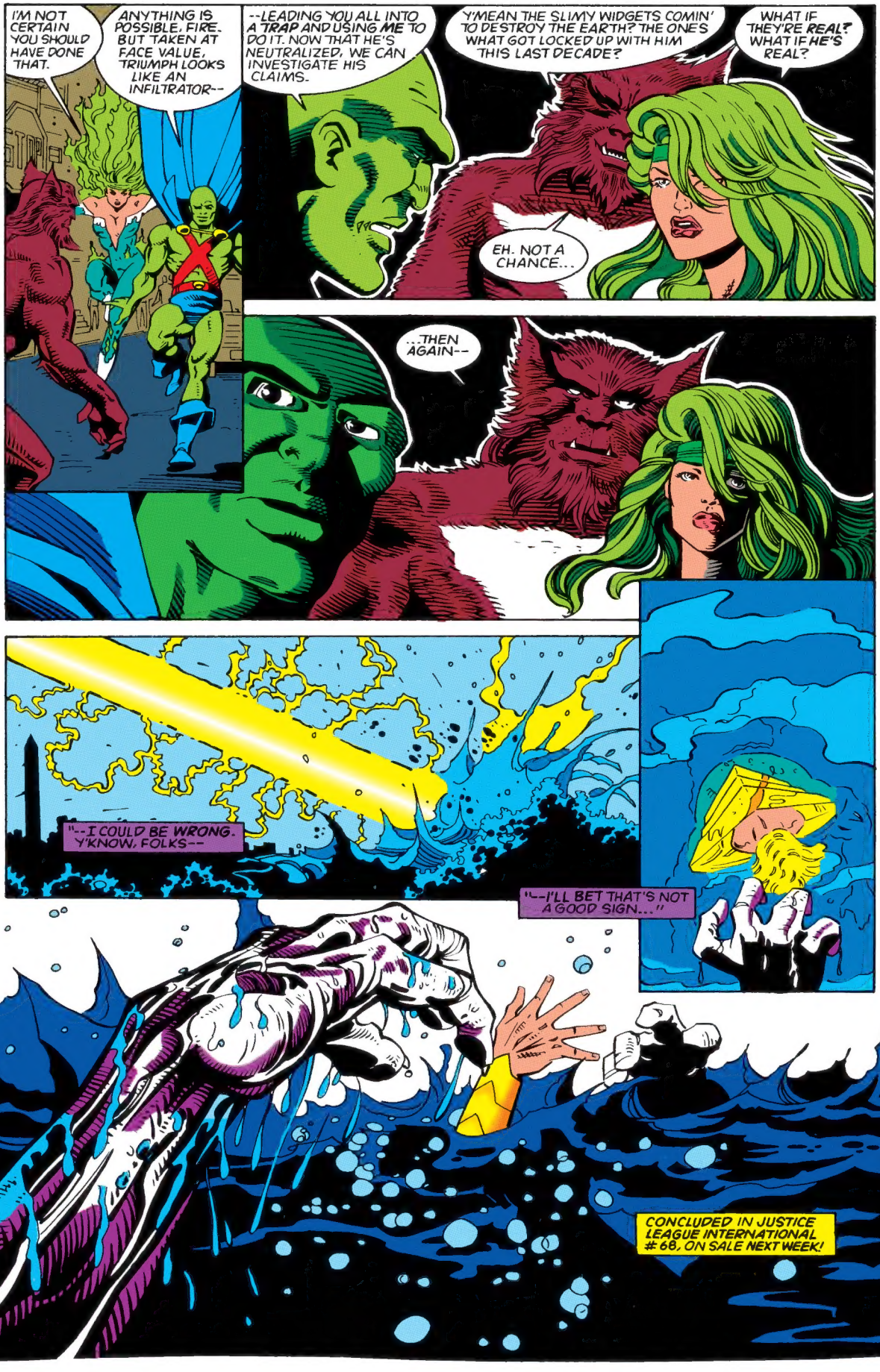
I ALMOST HOPE WE DON'T FIND THE ALIENS. I CAN'T BE SURE THEY'RE BACK JUST BECAUSE I AM. THE ONLY THING I AM SURE OF IS I'VE ALLIED MYSELF WITH A PACK OF LOSERS.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THEM BEFORE I WALKED THROUGH THEIR DOOR HAS SENT THEM OFF THE RAILS. THEY'RE UNTRAINED, UNDISCIPLINED, AND HAVE NO APPARENT SENSE OF HONOR.
THEN AGAIN, IT COULD BE ME.
OBSESSED WITH THE CAREER I NEVER HAD... WITH THE LIFE I'VE SPENT YEARS PREPARING FOR.
I'D HATE TO REALIZE THIS IS ALL ABOUT MY EGO. DON'T KNOW HOW I'D FEEL ABOUT THAT...
...WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN...
PERFECT.
THERE!
SMOKE COOL BREEZE
BOARDWALK
RALPH? WHERE ARE YOU--?
I'M GOING TO GET MY WIFE AND FIND A BEACH SOMEWHERE.
THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS!
YOU CAN'T JUST... JUST LEAVE ME--!
LOOK, CONSTANCE-- YOUR SISTER'S GONE-- YOU'RE CRIMSON FOX NOW. TIME TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND ABOUT THINGS.

YOU-- ARROGANT--!
YOU BROUGHT US HERE, RALPH! AND NOW YOU JUST WALK OUT?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!
YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE ABOUT ANYMORE, FOX... WHAT THE LEAGUE MEANS.
IT FEELS LIKE MISSION AFTER USELESS MISSION. I'VE SPENT MONTHS GRINNING IN THE BACKGROUND-- MUGGING FOR THE CAMERA--
--KEEPING YOU ALL ENTERTAINED.
HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE SHOW.
INCIDENTALLY, THIS "TRIUMPH" GUY'S A WASH.
Y'KNOW, DESPERO-- OR I-RON OR WHATEVER--I'M GETTIN' THE FEELIN' THIS JOB'S A BUST!
NOT MUCH ON CONVERSATION, ARE WE?
I SENSE TWO JUSTICE LEAGUERS ENTERING THE QUADRANT.
I'LL ACCEPT THAT AS A "NO."
THEY ARE--
STYLE
172

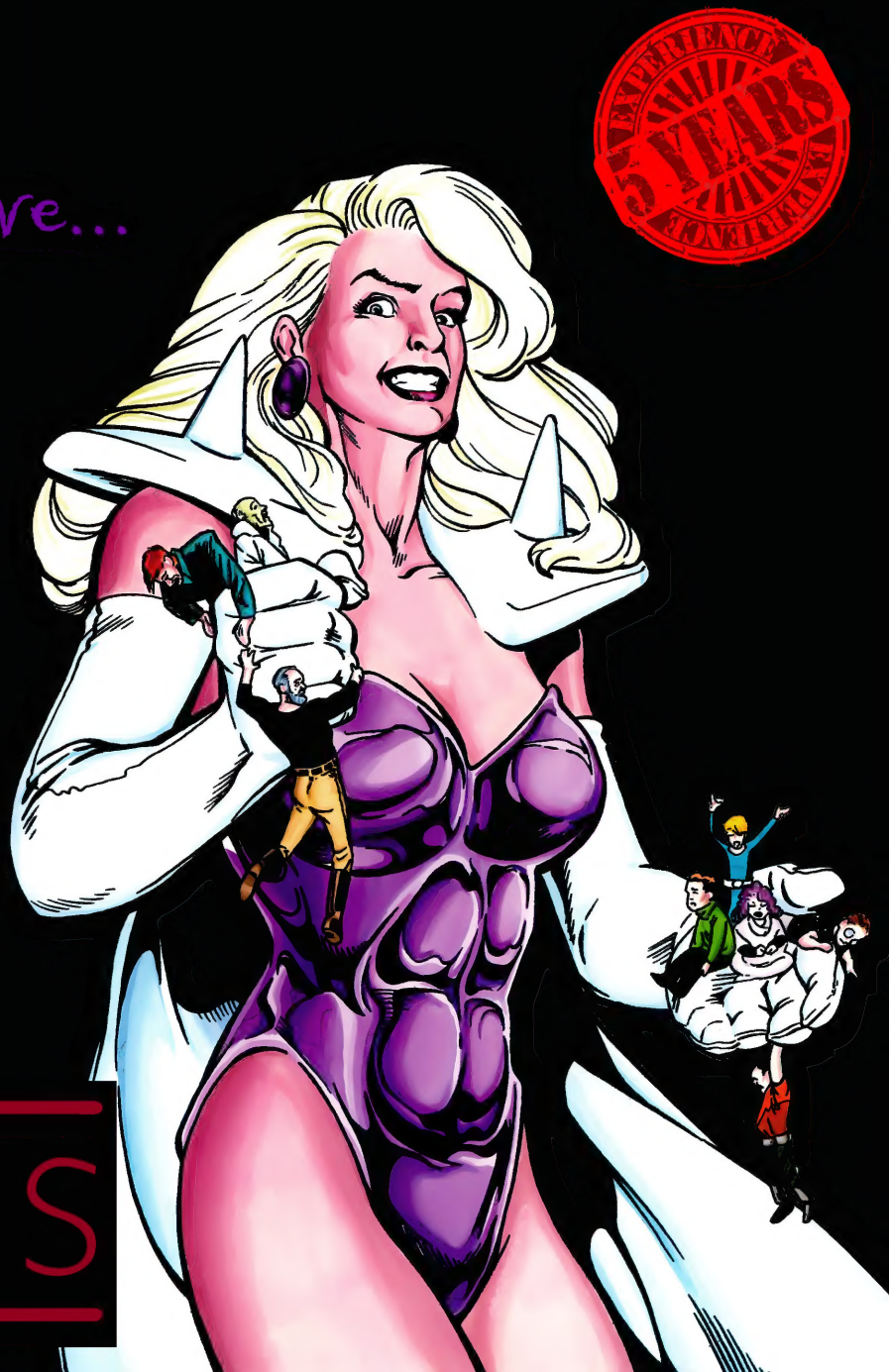

"--THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER AND FIRE."
I AM RECEIVING YOU, L-RON. STATUS REPORT.
WOW... I KEEP FORGETTING THE MANHUNTER CAN READ MINDS--
IT'S AN OLD PARLOR TRICK. NOTHING MORE.
THE CAPITOL DOME WAS BADLY DAMAGED--NEARLY DESTROYED IN THAT BATTLE SO LONG AGO. NOW IT LOOKS PERFECT. AS IF IT HAD NEVER--
--NEVER-- OF COURSE--
THE ALIENS WE BATTLED USED A TIME/SPACE DRIVE THAT MAL-FUNCTIONED DURING MY FINAL ASSAULT, KNOCKING US OUT OF PHASE WITH THE TIME-STREAM--CREATING A "RIP" IN THE FABRIC OF TIME.
THE DOME IS PERFECT. BECAUSE, AS A RESULT OF THE "RIP," THE BATTLE NEVER HAPPENED!
OF COURSE THEY NEVER HEARD OF ME... J'ONN J'ONZZ COULDN'T HAVE TOLD THEM. SINCE WE NEVER TEAMED UP--
--HE DOESN'T REMEMBER ME--
WHAAAAAAMMMM


MANHUNTER... LISTEN TO ME...
...I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--
SOMETHING... JUST OCCURRED TO ME.
--I CAN EXPL--
YEEARRGH!
KERAMM
THUDD
SOMETHING THE SORCERER SAID...
NO WISER FOR YOUR ORDEAL, EH, TRIUMPH?
WAS HE TALKING ABOUT OUR FIGHT--OR DID THE SORCERER ACTUALLY REMEMBER TRIUMPH?
¡MADRE DE DIOS! I'VE BEEN SO DAMNED SELF-ABSORBED--!


SO.
YOU ARE TRIUMPH. MY OLD FRIEND.
YES, MANHUNTER... J'ONN...
...ALTHOUGH YOU WON'T REMEMBER...
A LITTLE CONVENIENT AN EXPLANATION, DON'T YOU THINK?
UNTIL WE SORT OUT THE TRUTH, YOU ARE TO BE CONSIDERED HOSTILE AND DANGEROUS--!
J'ONN--
--WAIT--!
KERACK
FWOOOOM
21


I'M NOT CERTAIN YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT.
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, FIRE. BUT TAKEN AT FACE VALUE, TRIUMPH LOOKS LIKE AN INFILTRATOR--
--LEADING YOU ALL INTO A TRAP AND USING ME TO DO IT. NOW THAT HE'S NEUTRALIZED, WE CAN INVESTIGATE HIS CLAIMS.
Y'MEAN THE SLIMY WIDGETS COMIN' TO DESTROY THE EARTH? THE ONE'S WHAT GOT LOCKED UP WITH HIM THIS LAST DECADE?
WHAT IF THEY'RE REAL? WHAT IF HE'S REAL?
EH. NOT A CHANCE...
...THEN AGAIN--
"--I COULD BE WRONG. Y'KNOW, FOLKS--
"--I'LL BET THAT'S NOT A GOOD SIGN..."
CONCLUDED IN JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL #68, ON SALE NEXT WEEK!

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

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